

## BUREAU IN FRANCE FOR BAY STATE MEN

### Recently Arrived Committee to Bring Massachusetts Nearer Troops

#### FIRST OF KIND FOR A.E.F.

Group of Well Known Citizens Will Get Line on Every Commonwealth Soldier Here

"Massachusetts is 2000 miles away. We're here to bring it nearer to the Massachusetts men in the A.E.F."

That, according to Chairman Charles S. Baxter, is the purpose of the visit to France of a committee of prominent Bay State citizens who will aim to bring home to the thousands of Massachusetts men already here that not only their own country, but their own commonwealth as well, is behind them heart, soul and pocketbook.

The committee has been appointed by the governor as the official representative body of the people of Massachusetts, and as such has received the official authorization of Secretary Newton D. Baker of the War Department. The members have come to France, however, entirely at their own expense. All are very well known citizens of Massachusetts. The chairman is Charles S. Baxter of Medford, former mayor of that city, and with him are Louis A. Frothingham of North Easton, former Bostonian, and Dr. John W. Coughlin of Fall River, former mayor of the city. O. G. Westerberg of Somerville is secretary.

Mrs. Louis A. Frothingham is accompanying the committee and has offered to make available provisions for the establishment of a central bureau and home for Massachusetts men which she will maintain at her own expense.

#### Dr. Prince to Stay Here

Dr. Morton Prince of Boston, a physician of national reputation, and uncle of Norman Prince, founder of the Lafayette Escadrille, who was subsequently killed in action, is also with the committee. Dr. Prince will remain in France after the return of the other members, as executive manager of the Soldiers' Help Bureau.

To make plain the aim and scope of the committee's work it is necessary to review a little of the recent history of Massachusetts, particularly some that has been written on her books since the arrival of several thousands of her sons in France. As soon as war was declared, Governor Samuel W. McCall appointed a Committee of Public Safety, better known as the Committee of One Hundred, since it comprised 100 prominent men in all parts of the State. This committee, the first of its kind in the United States, was created under a War Emergency Act passed by the legislature.

Under this act the governor also appointed a Soldiers' Help Bureau, with Dr. Prince as its head, which immediately set to work to help the families of the men of about five members for each 30,000 of population, to represent separate communities.

An effort was made to have in each community some resident man or woman, who was particularly interested in the welfare of the State's soldiers by reason of having a husband, son or brother in service. The work was not, therefore, in the hands of well meaning people who like being on committees, but of citizens who were themselves vitally concerned in the soldiers' welfare.

#### Line on Every Soldier

These local committees gathered every kind of information relating to the soldiers, picked up traces of them if corresponded between the men and their families, even as they gathered the men's being shifted, and kept accurate registers of every obtainable fact in the record of the community's individual soldiers. If you are a Massachusetts soldier, your whole military history is on record with the local committee of some city or town between the Cape and the New York boundary of Berkshire.

It is also on record at Boston. The local committees, having tabulated every available fact about their own men, set the results to Boston, where the name and history of every Massachusetts soldier is now filed. And it is some considerable file.

Wherever a Massachusetts soldier has gone, he has never yet been able to reach the end of the string by which he is connected with his home. At Washington there is an authorized agent of the State who secures at first hand any important information concerning a Massachusetts man, at home or abroad, and who informs the Boston committee by wire if necessary, of anything entitled to a place on the soldier's record. Similar links connect the committees with every camp and cantonment in the United States, for Massachusetts men are training in many parts of the country.

#### More Than Cold Tabulation

But the committee's work has not consisted merely in a cold tabulation of several tens of thousands of young men's military careers. It has kept the men in touch with their families, investigated their needs wherever they happened to be, talked with their officers personally where it has been possible, and seen to it generally that the soldier from the Bay State realized that the people of the commonwealth were not only behind him but took a personal interest in his well-being.

Then one day a certain Massachusetts camp became suddenly a very empty spot. There followed a long gap in letter writing which even the Public Safety Committee could not fill, and then letters began to arrive carrying no stamps, but marked "Soldier's Mail." Massachusetts, or a good part of it, had come to France.

#### To Let Every Bay Stater Know

Well, to make a long story short, they're here. They have, yet shaken as with every Massachusetts man in France—that would be some little job for a considerably larger committee. But they will soon get in touch with every Massachusetts unit, visit in person as many as can be reached—which will take them considerably nearer the Boche than they have ever before—and see that every Bay Stater hereabouts is notified of their presence and purpose.

## WAR SECRETARY HERE TO STUDY A. E. F.

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the danger and it was a profoundly impressed Secretary of War who landed a little later on French soil.

Mr. Baker had 40 minutes in which to pay his compliments to the French and American authorities in the port of debarkation and to stroll through the busy streets of the ancient town. Then his train for Paris called him and in Paris the busy hours began. There were the calls to make and the conferences. During the first 24 hours he was able to call upon Premier Clemenceau, President Poincaré and Ambassador Sharp, to be visited by Marshal Joffre and return the visit.

This last was in the nature of a reunion, for they had met and conferred before during the memorable visit of the hero of the Marne to the United States nearly a year ago. Before he left, Mr. Baker made two trips to Versailles for further hours with General Bliss.

#### War Deserted for Toys

His second day in Paris was a repetition of the first with General Boche, M. Viviani and M. Pichon among the French leaders with whom he conferred. Yet the day was not all business, for one of those at the luncheon Mr. Baker gave at the Carlton was his brother, Captain Hurley, who then came up from the front to see him, and then late in a busy afternoon, he escaped incredibly his waiting motor car and swung off down the street at a great pace, aiming, as it turned out later, for a toy shop he had passed and jotted down in his memory the day before. There he bought a staggering collection of toys, and almost the last thing he did before setting forth to inspect the A.E.F. was to make a great bundle of them to be dispatched to his small son on the other side of the Atlantic.

During his first day in Paris the Secretary of War issued in French a formal statement that was at once a greeting to the people of France and an interpretation of his visit to their shores. He said:

#### Mr. Baker's Pilgrimage

"Naturally, every visit to France at this time is a pilgrimage to the temple of heroism, and it will be a real inspiration to see the great leaders and their armies which have defended for such a long time the frontiers of liberty against every attack.

"In America as in France we have a civilian secretary of war and the civil power is supreme. That is one of the characteristics of free institutions for the maintenance of which we are fighting. The duty of the civil power is to bring to the front all the necessary supplies, to organize industrial resources and to supplement the efforts of its armies, and in America today the thought which dominates everything is the war. Industry is organized, the production of supplies has begun to attain the level which we have fixed, war materials are accumulating and a great army is finishing its training with the aim of joining the body of troops which is already here.

"There can be only one result, when the forces of civilization of great nations such as those of the Allies unite to defend the vital principles of liberty.

"Our President has nobly defined the spirit with which America has entered the war and his subsequent declarations reflected the sentiment of the entire country.

"We have staked all our resources on victory."

## AS WE KNOW THEM

### THE MEDICO

He's just a human question mark; for nerve he can't be beat—  
"How often do you change your socks? How often do you wash your feet?  
How often do you brush your teeth? How often do you change  
Your underwear? Pop-pop he goes, like pistons, on the range!

"How often do you take a bath? How often do you shave?  
Hold in your chin and stomach, too, and make your pants behave!  
Are both your parents crazy? Let me see—stick out your tongue!  
Here, orderly, a pair of pills!" And then you're stung.

He posts the village water so you doesn't drink a drop.  
He makes the K.P.'s work away with scrubbing brush and mop.  
He never gives you "quarters," but "light duty" when you're sick—  
And, if he thinks you're shamming, he can make it awful thick.

At worst, he is a nuisance, but at best he's on the job;  
He's knocked out half the outfit's colds; when mumps was raising hob  
In all the other regiments, we only had two cases;  
Oh, we do what he tells us now, and go and wash our faces!

## ONE REGIMENT WINS 16 CROIX DE GUERRE

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colonels galloped the length of the regiment and through the battalions, and finally "took the review" as the tribute of their own comrades to the new decorations.

These crosses were won mostly in two parties, on February 23 and February 28. In the first one, 26 Americans went over in a party of 100, the rest being French. The Americans were under Louis, Koob and Davis, and were picked volunteers—picked from a solid battalion of volunteers.

#### Won't Tell How They Did It

They went at dawn, they behaved with great spirit, and they brought back 25 prisoners. The particular deeds which man by man they did to win the Croix is impossible to get. The French citations are as general as possible, and no man whom I have interviewed can tell me—or will tell me—just how he behaved.

These eight complete the 16 crosses won by this regiment.

The men decorated are Lieutenants Koob, George W. Davis and H. K. Davidson, Sergeants George F. Javer, Harold Hurley, Bugler Thomas Hammond, and Privates F. E. Hurley, Edward A. Larkin, Lipsie, Claude E. Seitz, Plagg, Mott, and Stewart W. Miller, and Chaplain Roucher.

Devez's citation was: "Took part in a *coup de main*, and displayed remarkable courage and decision in its execution."

Seitz "has proved his courage and coolness under fire in the face of the enemy."

Lieutenant Davidson, "under an intense bombardment, at the head of his troops, which were under fire for the first time, was cool and absolutely fearless."

Plagg, "under a very heavy artillery and machine gun fire, went to an exposed post and took command of the situation."

Sergeant Sullivan's cross came for a piece of nerve which deserves description. He was one of three men in a dugout, the others being Corporal Homer Wheaton and Private Smith. They were about to distribute hand grenades, as Fritz was just coming ahead with a party.

#### What Sergeant Sullivan Did

A soldier came in with a box of the grenades, and somehow dropped it. Some of the grenades went off, in a manner not yet explained, and killed Wheaton, wounding Sullivan and Smith.

Sullivan, to quote his citation, "after being wounded in an explosion in which a man was killed, took his post in a firing position, held command of the section, and inspired the men by his courage under heavy artillery fire." That is to say, the mere fact that he was wounded and had had a miraculous escape didn't phase one of the Sullivan's. "Shell shock" seems to be a disappearing fable in the American service.

Tommy Hammond is a bugler. He was a liaison agent, which means a messenger, during two of the parties. Being a messenger means traveling back and forth through the barrage, from the front to the *poste de commando* of the company. This is done by feeling one's way in the dark among shell holes, keeping a sense of direction, and dodging whenever a shell or a sweep of machine gun fire seems to be coming one's way. And the intensity of the barrage in these parties is incredible; the rolling is continuous, and a person watching from a vantage point is unable to understand how any being can live in the area being pounded. There is no discount on the feats performed by liaison agents; their record is set.

#### Took Charge of Hun Front Door

Corporal Hurley distinguished himself during the *coup de main* by taking charge of one entrance of a German dugout all alone; at the other entrance a group of French soldiers occupied themselves by chucking grenades down and

shouting to Fritz to come out and be captured. Hurley stood steady, pouring rifle fire down into the pit and facing the momentary probability of being potted himself, for he was a fair mark for anybody within.

Larkin "showed aggressiveness and bravery during the execution of a successful raid." The French citation does not say so, and neither does Larkin, but a story has crept round that at least one of the black eyes brought in by German prisoners was marked "Larkin."

Lipsie is an automatic rifleman. He was in the party that went over on the morning of the 23d, and he took entire charge of an *abri* in which there was a very hot nest of Boches. He stayed with it without a quiver until they decided to come out and be good.

Lieutenant Koob and Privates Francis E. Hurley, Mott and Miller, all got cited for brave deeds to both French and Americans as worthy of receiving decorations.

#### Out of Luck, But Still Heroes

Lieutenant Davis was in charge of the hard-luck party in this particular raid. It went along the canal to a point where it hoped to put a bridge across. Prevented, it never got any further into the party. Like the rest, it was under the heaviest sort of fire, but the lieutenant, with the utmost coolness, carried his 11 men through a trying half hour, made no mistakes, and brought them all in safe.

"Under fire" has come to have a new meaning in this war. The prodigality with which Fritz chucks heavy projectiles over usually sends whoever is nearest into cover *pronto*. Consequently, the fact that the trench mortar section of one infantry regiment stayed with it and went right along sending out messengers of metal has attracted attention.

This section's work was largely responsible for the dead spot to which the right and left parties of the German raid came during the attack of February 28. So the lieutenant of the trench mortar section, who himself served a gun, has been cited, and the whole section is cited by the French. This probably means the *fourragere*. It will be the first *fourragere* won by the Americans.

Incidentally, the regimental parade to receive the *Croix de Guerre* is believed to be the first regimental turnout for such a purpose in Europe. The *Croix de Guerre* has been conferred in the presence of nothing larger than a battalion heretofore.

## POLITICIANS GO SLOW IN STARTING THINGS

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smiles and continues to dig away at the Pension fund and the gambling scandals. There has been a hot fight in the Assembly at Albany over the Brown bill, designed to empower the New York State Industrial commission to waive all laws against child labor, overwork, and other factory conditions whenever it may be deemed necessary for war purposes. Women's clubs, granges, Christian associations and other public agencies are furiously against it, and proclaim that it means the annihilation of the constructive social work of the past decade.

#### A Marvel of Cheerful Silence

There is general speculation as to the possible purposes behind the bill, but Senator Brown declares it is nothing but a patriotic effort to help speed the State's productivity. Very little newspaper discussion has been given it, but this bill will have a big effect on the gubernatorial campaign in New York and may reach into national politics before it is done with.

Frantic efforts have been made by the

newspapers and politicians to find out from William Hays, the new Republican national chairman, what the Grand Old Party claims to do, but Hays is a marvel of polite and cheerful silence. He has seen Senator Penrose, Colonel Roosevelt, and all other Republicans of all factions, and after a fortnight's continuous consultations, declares that utter harmony exists, without apparently a single unkind thought or word anywhere. The big Republican guns so far support Hays' contention by benign remarks which sound as if the Elephant and the Bull Moose always had been one united animal.

## AMERICANS MAKE FIRST RAIDS INTO GERMAN TRENCHES

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marked, in a disappointed tone of voice—but such is human nature.

I remained a moment or so longer, but the fighting seemed to have moved off into the distance. I made my way back to the captain's post of combat, and waited there with him. We sat there silently together—neither of us could find anything to say. After what seemed many hours—it was only 20 minutes—a French officer stepped into our little chamber from the French *noir de commandement* next door and said in matter of fact English:

"They have just sent word to us over our telephone that the objective has been reached."

The captain smiled and said, "Fine!"

#### Wire Severed in His Hands

There was another interval of suspense, and then we heard from a runner that another attacking party, the one to the left of us, was isolated, the telephone wire having been cut by shells. The captain told me about an artilleryman who had been up there, repairing wire under a barrage, when a strand of it was severed in his hands by a bit of shrapnel. Exactly the same thing, I recalled, had happened to another runner in another sector, a few days before. In this case the man placidly continued his work.

"The funny thing about this fellow today," the captain went on, "was that he got into a row with his brother, who was out with him, over something or other, and bawled him out. The brother happened to be a sergeant and promptly threatened the gunner with arrest. 'Say, you don't think I'd stand for being arrested while this fighting's going on, do you?' the gunner told him."

Half an hour later two mud-begrimed, panting privates pushed a pair of German prisoners down into the dugout—the first of the batch to be brought in. They were about 30 years old.

The French questioned them through an interpreter. The interrogation lasted about an hour. Then the captain was called upon to provide a meal to the first of the batch to be brought in. They were about 30 years old.

#### Colonel Mud-Begrimed, But Happy

The captain smilingly turned the Germans over to an alert youngster to herd back to regimental headquarters through the bayon. Thinking I would get the news more quickly at battalion headquarters, I plowed back behind the prisoners.

Roaming about in the darkness, I came upon the colonel who had led the American group on the left in the attack. He was clothed with mud, but beaming with satisfaction. Here is what he told me:

"When my watch showed 5:05, we couldn't see a thing on account of the smoke from the German barrage, although the barrage itself had lifted. However, we knew it must be O.K., so we started off."

"It was pretty rough going—my foot never touched earth that had not been churned up by shells—but we made the 300 yards between our trenches and the Germans in 18 minutes, which wasn't bad at all."

The French were splendid, right alongside us every step of the way. From the time we went through our wire until we got back we didn't have a single casualty. Thank our guns for that."

"Well, we got to their trenches and found that the blizzards were still on, pecking around for 20 minutes, the best we could discover were two wounded Boches left behind in a shattered dugout."

#### Not Usually Profane

"We were a pretty disappointed lot, but the sores of all was an old sergeant. He was cussing away to beat the band."

"Colonel," he told me, "I just can't help it though I'm not usually a profane man. Look at what the artillery done to that there pillbox. Just smashed it to bits, that's all. Damn 'em! That was my pillbox! Why couldn't they leave it to me?"

"The pillbox he was talking about had been a machine gun nest until our gunners got busy with it. The German trenches were magnificently built, but they could not stand up under our bombardment. Even the dugouts, built with 15 inch thick concrete, were badly battered."

"After 20 minutes we went back as unevenly as we had come out. It was just 5:52 by my watch when I dropped into our trench again, so we were gone altogether 47 minutes."

Sergeant—A guy given chevrons to show that he is supposed to help the lieutenants hold down their jobs.

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## NEWLY WON GLORY DOESN'T WORRY HIM

### Raid Hero Sees Name in Print, but Can't Stop to Read About It

He was an old sergeant of regulars. Unobtrusively he made his way up to the counter of a canteen near G.H.Q. and purchased some tobacco. Then—

"What's this?" he inquired, pointing to a pile of papers nearby.

"That's THE STARS AND STRIPES, the Army paper, sergeant," replied one of the clerks. "Want to look one over?"

Interested, the sergeant reached for a copy. As he did so, his overcoat came open a bit disclosing over his chest—the *Croix de Guerre*.

"Who are you?" inquired the clerk.

"What's your name?"

"Walsh," replied the wearer of the medal, "Patrick Walsh."

"For Pete's sake! Look at the first page of the paper, then! There's your name, and all about how you got that Cross there. Here, take a copy!"

Wonderingly, Sergeant Walsh glanced at it. Sure enough, there it was: "SERGEANT PATRICK WALSH—Detroit, Mich.; 47 years old."

"Well," he remarked, at length, "they got the name right, all right."

"Go on, read the rest of it, sergeant, and tell us something about it," persisted the clerk. "Tell us how you won your medal; come on!"

"Ah, there's nothin' to tell," mumbled the old sergeant, a blush bursting right through his bronzed hide. "Nothin' to it, young feller. All part of the game."

"No, I guess I'll read the rest of this paper when I get time. I've got to go up and report at Headquarters now. Much obliged; so long!"

What the paper had to say about Sergeant Walsh was this:

"The German captain commanding the raiders ordered him to come out of his dugout. He shot the captain dead with his automatic, called out to a companion in time for him to make away with a second German entering the dugout, and by so doing saved his company's log-book from the enemy's hand."

"That was the achievement which gained him the *Croix de Guerre*, together with a hearty slap on the back from Premier Clemenceau of France. He was one of the first six Americans to receive that coveted honor since our entry into the war. But you'll never get the story from him."

Sergeant Walsh is now on detached service, to act as orderly to Secretary Baker during the war secretary's tour of inspecting the A.E.F. in France. It's an honor—a big one. But he calls it simply "part of the game."

## COLONEL GETS DROP ON GERMAN OFFICER

### Chief of Divisional Staff Sets Good Example on Lorraine Front

Colonel —, chief of staff of a division now occupying part of our new front in Lorraine, recently went over the top and brought back a souvenir in the shape of a German helmet—with the owner of the said helmet underneath it. The Boche in question was a stark Bavarian lieutenant, so that the Colonel established a dual record, in that he was the first American officer to capture a prisoner, and that prisoner was the

## PORTRAITS IN OIL COLORS

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## PAPER WAR-MONEY

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first German officer to be taken by an American.

The Colonel's demonstration of 100 per cent efficiency took place before the troops to which he is attached went into the line, but the fact was obscured by the Colonel's modesty for several days. He had gone out with the French on a raid and his Bavarian was one of some 300 prisoners bagged by the poilus.

The only narrative that one is able to extract from the Colonel is this: "I found the Boche is an angle of a trench when his automatic wasn't aimed my way and mine was pointed straight at him."

## A DOUGHBOY'S DICTIONARY

Swell—A guy that sleeps in pajamas. Lucky stiff—A bird who's quarantined for measles when the rest of the outfit has got to go for wood. Willy-boy—The critter that still objects to washing his mess-kit in the same pail with the other 249 men.

## TWO KINDS OF SOLDIERS

Captain: "Well, Jim, what do you think of this war game anyway? Glad you joined up?"

Private Jim (wearily): "Well, sir, a guy what goes to war for Old Glory and the U.S.A., and to avenge martyred Belgium and repay France for what she has done for us and all the rest is on the right track. But a guy what they call a soldier of fortune—what goes around the world lookin' for other people's private wars to butt into for the fun of it—why, he, sir, is my humble opinion, is just a plain fool!"

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